

Freedom

by Spirit Dragon

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Summary: A Terrorist and a Counter-Terrorist have a "civil" conversation. PG for one swear word.

Freedom

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>
Disclaimer: I don't own Counter-Strike, Condition Zero, Half-Life, Half-Life 2, Counter-Strike: Source or any of the Valve games that I have not listed. Kesenai is my screen name in Cstrike.

>
And I know that only the GIGN wear visors, so don't flame me about SEALs wearing visors. I just added it in.

>

>
Kesenai was doomed.

>
He was lying on a cold, hard concrete floor, eyes bloodshot and squinting through a translucent yellow visor. Blood oozed steadily from the torn fibres of his uniform, through the holes in his Kevlar vest. His Arctic Warfare Magnum was on the floor a few metres out of reach. Even if it were in his grasp, it was still unbolted, empty, and the scope was not aligned.

>
His Desert Eagle was completely out of .50 ammunition, and his Bowie Knife shattered by a stray M249 round. Technically, the wind was out of Kesenai's sails. However, even though he was defenseless in a terrorist-infested area, that was not the least of his problems.

>
An MP5 was pointed at his head, a heavy combat booted foot pinning him down. The MP5 was at condition zero and a grin was spreading over its owner's face.

>
"Welcome, Mr SEAL," the Guerilla Warfare terrorist said, raising an eyebrow. "Really, I'm surprised that you and your squad were taken down so easily."

>
Kesenai kept his voice calm and collected, despite the situation he was in. "Hardly so. Rather, I'm the one shocked at Guerilla Warfare's performance... alone I was able to take out seven terrorists."

>
The terrorist's face darkened briefly, then the same sardonic

grin reappeared. "I should hesitate before killing my foes more often... conversations moments before death are rather interesting, are they not? I should like to know your name, Mr SEAL."
>
The counter-terrorist thought it was a rather strange request, but he complied. "Kesenai, SEAL Team 6. And yourself?"

>
"Manuel, Guerilla Warfare. Pleased to meet you."
>
Before Kesenai had a chance to say the same (not like he wanted to anyway), Manuel continued.
>
"It's ironic that we are both fighting for freedom, yes?"

>
"Rather different types of freedom, I should say."
>
A brief scowl flitted across Manuel's face.
>
"Of course... we are the loathsome, oppressed, aggressive, bloodthirsty terrorists. You people are the sophisticated, righteous, fearless American soldiers. We are fighting for our country, you are seeking to eradicate the world's threat of terrorism. And undoubtedly the world sides with the most powerful country! The world is never fair, Kesenai, the world is never fair."
>
"I have to agree, Manuel."
>
"You have a girlfriend, wife, perhaps even children?"

>
"None, and I will eternally remain single if you kill me now."

>
The terrorist laughed softly, then the chuckle turned into a howl of amusement. "Really, I should stop stereotyping these counter-terrorists. You are a great source of amusement, Mr Kesenai. As for me, I have a wife and two children. I am fighting for their freedom. And hundreds of others' too."
>
"While I try in vain to stop you, I take it."
>
"Not necessarily in vain... at times we suffer great losses. Ah, it has been nice meeting you, Mr Kesenai. It is time to depart, I should think. Just remember one thing."
>
"And what might that be?"
>
The terrorist's grin never faded.
>
"Life's an ass."
>
As 9-millimetre copper-jacketed steel snatched away his life, Kesenai swore that there was a ghost of a smile on his lips.

>
END

End
file.